A TRUE HISTORY OF THE Honest Whigs,

A POEM.

In ANSWER TO THE *Thoughts of an Honest Tory.*

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THE THOUGHTS OF A Modern Whig.

WHat wild Opinions have poſſeſt Mankind,
And made their Judgment Lame, and Reaſon Blind?
That moſt purſuing Truth do Headlong run
Into thoſe Errors they deſire to ſhun.
Many thro' *Prejudice* themſelves Miſguide,
Averſe to Rules, will by no Laws abide;
But Love always to Tug againſt the Tide.
Others by *Parents weak Examples* taught,
Into wrong Paths by ſlow Degrees are brought;
Where careleſs of themſelves they forward move,
Not ſteer'd by Reaſon but by Filial Love,
Reſolve their Fathers Dictates to Obey,
And will purſue the ſame Miſtaken way;
Maintain thoſe Faults their Erring Sires begun,
And from Heav'ns Milky Paths quite Backward run;
Theſe by Inheritance wrong Tennets hold,
Miſled when Young, and *Obſtinate* when Old:
With whom no Grace can work, or Truth prevail,
So bound to Errors or a long Entail,
That neither Reaſons Force, no Scriptures Light,
Can make them quit the Wrong t' embrace the Right.
Others by Tutors Poyſon'd in their Youth,
Are Taught betimes to Juggle with the Truth;

To Cant with Heaven, to wreſt the Text Divine,
And make the Scriptures ſerve each baſe Deſign.
What Knowledge theſe poſſeſs they miſapply;
Wrong Notions Teach, and real Truths Deny;
Miſlead the Ignorant by Deceitful Arts,
And prate to humour Fools and gain their Hearts;
Who willing to be taught ſome new-found Way,
Are eaſily induc'd to run aſtray;
For Zealous Fools too freely entertain
The Pious Whims of each Fanatick Brain,
Tho' ne'er ſo Frantick let their Doctrine be,
And quite repugnant to Divinity;
The Hair-brain'd Crowd, at Variance with their Wits,
Are ready to produce New Proſelite;
That Madman Knave, or Fool may eaſ'ly find,
An *Engliſh* Congregation to his Mind.
But above all 'tis *Int'reſt* bears the ſway,
And leads the Avaritious World Aſtray.
Gold, by its Luſtre, dazzles Humane Eyes,
And takes the Heart, unguarded by Surprize;
None but pure Virtue can its Power withſtand,
The Preacher loves to graſp it in his Hand;
And tho' he ſeems to hold it in Diſdain,
Yet he ſerves God moſt heartily when for Gain.
Contending Parties in the Church or State,
Strive only which ſhall be moſt Rich and Great.
Whether t' *Oppoſe* or *Serve* the Government,
Riches alone is the deſign'd Event;
Int'reſt, not *Conſcience*, makes the *Whig* Diſſent
Tho' Men, with Men, their different Faiths Diſpute,
To make their own Opinions Abſolute:
Yet in One Error, ev'ry Side Unites,
To prove themſelves i'th' Main but Hypocrites.
What Creed ſoever various Factions hold,
Yet all agree t' Adore that Idol *GOLD:*
All do their equal Zeal to Riches ſhow,
And make *Religion* to their *Int'reſt* Bow.
When Heats and Feuds 'twixt Parties do ariſe,
Tho' Points of Faith, the Quarrel oft diſguiſe;

Yet

Yet Wiſer Heads can ſee the warm Debate,
Is not about a Future Happy State,
Or how they'd go to Heav'n, but how on Earth grow Great.

Religion's us'd but as a bare Pretence,
To colour their Intrigues with Innocence;
And Sanctifie each Villanous Deſign,
In hopes to draw more ſqueamiſh Bigots in.
Thus of their Zeal a Stalking Horſe they make,
And always Play the Devil for Gods ſake;
Preach like Apoſtles and like Martyrs Pray,
And ſeek the Lord in vain Ten times a Day:
Imploring his Omnipotence to Aid,
Againſt th ir Foes each Helliſh Plot they've laid;
As if unſpotted Heaven, like Wicked Man,
Would at their Impious Prayers turn *Partizan.*
By Stratagems like theſe, they mov'd the *Crowd,*
To Blindly Act againſt their Countries Good,
Believing each bale Work they go about,
Muſt needs be Juſt, the Parties ſo Devout.

Whate'er by Rapine to themſelves they gain,
By Force and Wreſted Scripture they maintain.
For Gods Elect allow no other Law,
But what themſelves from Holy Writ can draw.
Whene'er they Arm, God's Battle 'tis they Fight;
(Tho' they Rebel, their Cauſe is always Right)
And on their weaker Native Brethren Prey,
The Lord, they tell you, *gives and takes away.*
Thus wickedly prophane Gods Holy Name,
Do Ills themſelves, and caſt on Heav'n the Blame.

Could *Intereſt* and *Ambition* once but ceaſe,
The refin'd Chriſtian then would Live in Peace;
And no Man's Conſcience, tho' 'twas wrong moleſt,
But let each Soul, of different Faith poſſeſt,
E'en Damn himſelf that way that pleas'd him beſt.

For all the publick Buſtle that they make,
Pretendedly for Chriſt and Conſcience-ſake,
Wou'd ſoon grow Calm, and we ſhou'd plainly ſee
Their Mighty Zeal was but Hypocriſy.

In all Church Factions that perplex the State,
And vile Diſorders in the Realm Create;
Their ſecret Aim is to ſubject all Pow'r,
That does above their climbing Envy tow'r.
But ſuch plain Truths declar'd would not perſuade
The Brainleſs Multitude to lend their Aid.
Therefore for Faith they ſpeciouſly contend,
But *Temp'ral Int'reſt* is their Curſed End:
'Tis that alone divides the Chriſtian Flock,
And is the Wedge that ſplits the Knotty Block.
To thoſe in Faith that only diſagree,
Bare *Toleration* ſets the Conſcience free;
And gives them open Liberty to uſe
What Worſhip they ſhall Ignorantly Chooſe.
But ſuch a Gracious Licenſe can't ſuffice
A Party that deſires to Tyrannize:
A Headſtrong Tribe, whoſe vile Ambition wants,
To firſt o'er-run the Civil Power with Saints,
And then Deny the Church that Privilege ſhe Grants.
This is their Aim, the World may plainly ſee,
In all their Jars about *Conformity*:
Their Conſcience craves no Liberty at all,
But what their Zeal may make *Occaſional*:
For were they to their Meetings ſo Confin'd,
Apart from *Int'reſt*, as the Act deſign'd;
They ſcarce would Grace the Throne with one Addreſs
Of *Thanks*, for ſuch a Benefit as this:
To gain ſo ſmall a Point, not worth their Care,
They hate ſuch Limits, and had rather far
Such *Strait-Lac'd Toleration* was deny'd,
That ſhould Oppoſe their *Av'rice* or their *Pride*.
For with the Church, for *Int'reſt*, they'll be Friends,
And ſo again Diſſent for Temp'ral Ends.
Thus betwixt both their Conſciences they Play,
And always ſeek the Lord the *Gainfull'ſt way*:
Stick to that Faith which ſaves at little Coſt,
Whoſe Party Pays the Leaſt, and Gains the Moſt.
If ſuch Dark Saints are ſuffer'd to prevail,
And turn, by Vote, the Legiſlative Scale:

Whilst Men of *Title*, in a Court Supream,
Proud, *Wealthy*, *Wise*, and highly in Esteem,
Cunning as Foxes, Cautious how they move,
Secret as Night, in the Intrigues of Love;
Shall for By-Ends their Factious Favour Court,
And by foul Means their wicked Cause Support.
What must the Throne that stops not their Career
Expect, or what the Church and Nation fear,
From hidden Plots, and Projects deeply laid,
But all the Ills a sinking State can dread?

The *Throne* already once their Fury felt,
And all the Kingdom suffer'd by their Guilt.
No Royal Clemency could make them Yield;
Till all the Land became one Bloody Field.
Mercy still made them but the more severe,
The more Indulg'd, more Cruel still they were.
So wild, they scarce knew what themselves would have,
But made Demands that must the Throne Enslave,
Such that no Prince cou'd Grant, and none but Rebels Crave.
Rapine and *Spoil* were by their Chiefs allow'd,
And made the *Spoil* of the Rebellious Crowd.
What e'er they *Stole*, Free-Plunder they would call;
For Gods good People had pretence to all;
Robb'ry was *Conquest*, their *Religion Spight*,
Force gave the *Law*; *Possession* made the *Right*;
The *Crowns Revenues*, and the *Churches Lands*,
Sequestred were by Sacrilegious Hands.
Thus did the Pious Saints, who Pop'ry fear'd,
Pretend *Religion*, with a Conscience fear'd
But neither Gods true Church, or his Annointed spar'd.

Flush'd with Success their Frenzy grew more high,
Great Ills the Nation felt, but worse drew nigh
Fortune, that oft negects the Just and Good,
And favour'd with her Smiles the *Factious Brood*;
Which made the the *Neuters*, who before deny'd
Their Aid, thro' Fear embrace the *Strongest Side*,
Thus, by *Blind Chance*, the *Trayt'rous Multitude*,
Grew much too Rich and Strong to be subdu'd:

No Condescention could their *Fury* tame,
The Kingdom Smarted where soe'er they came;
Using to all, who from their Interest swerv'd,
As little Mercy as themselves deserv'd.
For Rebels, when Success Attends their side,
Conquer with *Cruelty*, and *Insult* with *Pride*.
When Loyal Blood had thus the Land Manur'd,
And ev'ry Shire their Sanguine Ills endur'd,
Bound less their dire Revenge, they still pursu'd
More barb'rous Deeds, to swell the Crimson Flood:
Till they had ended worse than they begun,
And out-done *All* their *Wicked Acts* in *One*
Forcing the Best of Kings (in sad Distress)
To seek Protection from a Treach'rous Race;
Who Vow'd they'd truly act in his Defence,
Yet *Judas* like, Betray'd him for the Pence;
Remov'd him from their Lousie Fawning Brood,
To the Curs'd Blood Hounds that his Life pursu'd.
O Faithless Nation! Infamously Base!
To Gods Creation, only a Disgrace.
With Vermin Plagu'd, and Pu..ish'd with the Itch;
Wretchedly Poor, and Doom'd to ne'er be Rich;
Who scarce e'er did, or ever could Propose
One Gallant thing, to serve Themselves or Us.
'Tis true, some Marks we of their Love can show,
These Blessings to the Scabby Brood we owe,
Pedlars and *Pipers*, those two Lousie Guest;
A *Plotting Traytor*, and a *Canting Priest*.
When the Proud Rebels from the *Scots* had brought,
Th' Unhappy Purchase they so Basely Bought:
Void of all Grace, they did Insult their Prince,
And Treated him with Scorn and Insolence;
Prefer'd Propposals so Morosly Rude
So Vainly Wicked to a King, so Good:
Back'd with Petitions, Humbly to Implore,
He would Un-King himself and give to them the Power.
Thus, when once fall'n into their Cruel Hands,
How like themselves were their Unjust Demands.

The Regal Power they wanted to ſupplant,
Would nothing bate, the King no further grant:
Which made the *Thirſty Vultures* ſoon agree,
To Quench their Drowth, and let the Nation ſee,
At once their Folly, Rage, and Cruelty.
Nothing could ſtop their Barbarous Intent,
That the kind Monarch cou'd with Honour grant,
Who bravely ſcorn'd ſo Meanly to comply,
As to hold Life, by th' Loſs of Majeſty:
But ſhow'd his Soul Unconquerably Great,
In ſcorning to ſubmit at ſuch a Rate;
Chuſing, much rather, to Embrace his Fate;
Which he beheld too near, but never fear'd,
Becauſe for Death he always Liv'd prepar'd:
For Princes know they but few Minutes have,
Between a baneful Priſon and the Grave.
Rebels, when fluſh'd, no Mercy e'er could ſhow,
From ſuch baſe Springs no gentle Streams can flow,
The more they thrive in *Blood*, more Cruel ſtill they grow.
To th' King no Signs of Safety could appear,
Himſelf ſo Juſt, the Rebels ſo ſevere.
Cloſing their Impious Scene (which Heaven abhor'd)
With Martyrs Blood, whilſt *Cromwel* ſought the Lord.
To this Vile Pitch did their Rebellion grow,
Treaſon, like theirs, no Annals e're could ſhow;
All *Europe* trembled at the dreadful *Blow*:
Sure theſe are Warnings to a Feav riſh State,
How they make *Faction* by their Favours Great;
How they ſecure, p omote, and next agree,
To th' Councils of a ſecond *Sh——ry*.
Who Courts the Throne for a Protecting Smile,
Yet Heads a dangerous *Faction* all the while.
That when the Saints have ripen'd their Deſign,
They may once more the Good Old Game begin.
Such is their *Pride* above the Church to tower,
They ne're are eaſie whilſt they've *Wealth* or *Power*;
But at God's Sacred Temples look awry,
Diſturb'd to ſee their Steeples ſtand ſo high.

Theſe

These are the Church *Law-Flyers*, Mod'rate Men,
Meer *Jacks* of Both, nay any Side for Gain:
These in all Party-Causes seem *Lukewarm*,
They'll Hive with *Churchmen*, with *Dissenters* Swarm;
And in the main, do much less good than harm.

These, as their Int'rest varies, change their Path,
And for Advantage skip from Faith to Faith:
Yet ask to what *Religion* they pretend;
To th' *Church Episcopal* they'll seem a Friend:
But like some Mod'rate Prelates, when they're try'd,
Let loose the *Whig*, and the True *Church-Man* hide.

Just so a Dext'rous *Jugler* does impose,
Shows us a *Queen*, then bids us hold it close;
We think we saw the very Card he gave,
But when we look, it proves, perhaps, a *Knave*.

What various Shapes, what Monsters do we find
Amongst the sinful Sons of Humane kind?
Most Men such strange uncooth Disguises wear,
As if 'twas ev'ry Mortals chiefest care
That *Truth* in nothing truly shou'd appear.

Bishops the Church they should Protect, disown,
And Vote for those they know would pull Her down;
Walk tamely with *Dissenters* Hand in Hand,
And serve the very Foe they should withstand.

So Cowards in the time of Danger hide,
Or change the weakest for the strongest side:
Desert their Native Country, and betray
The best of Causes for the better Pay.

Judas, 'tis true, Dissembled with his Lord,
And at last Sold Him for a small Reward:
But then no Oath, impos'd by Humane Laws,
Had bound his Conscience to the Christian Cause.
But those, to whom Church Government is given,
Whose Duty 'tis to Guide our Souls to Heav'n,
They Swear to truly succour and defend
The Church of Christ, as by the Laws Ordain'd.

Therefore, if they th' Establish'd Church expose
To Dangers, by Contending for Her Foes;

Sure 'tis a Crime that's Infamonſly Great,
And muſt deſerve, at leaſt, *Iſcariot*'s Fate.
Judas betray'd, but did not break an Oath,
But our Grave Hypocrites committed both.
Judas was very wicked, theſe were worſe:
Then tell me who deſerves the greater Curſe,
The *S—t* that car'd theCauſe,or he that bore thePurſe?
Theſe are the *Wolves*, that in *Sheeps* Clothing hide,
Who take Church Pay, yet Vote for t'other Side.
Thus *Whigs*, tho' made Epiſcopally Great,
Cannot be faithful to a Power they hate,
But f tal to the *Chũrch*, and dangerous to the *State*.
The Gods an odd *Experiment* once try'd,
And change a *Cat* into a beautious *Bride*.
The J yful *Bridegroom* Dallying with his Dame,
A *Mouſe* at laſt into the Chamber came;
She ſmell the Vermin as in Bed ſhe lay,
And out ſhe leap'd to catch the little Prey.
Thus, tho' the Gods, to ſhow their Lib'ral Nature,
Transform'd the *Puſs* into a Charming Creature;
Yet ſhe, Diſdainful of her Nuptial Joys,
Quitted her *Spouſe*, and made a *Mouſe* her Choice,
Slighting thoſe Bleſſings which the Gods had given,
And ſtill would be a *Cat*, in ſpight of Heaven.
So ſhould the Church (which God forbid) agree
Diſſenting Elders ſhould her Biſhops be,
They'd ſtill be *Whigs*, and to that Int'reſt true,
In ſpight of all the State could Give or Do.
Such were the Antient Primitive dull Saints,
That Humm'd like *Hornets*, and encreas'd like *Ants*,
That Plagu'd the *Nation*, and Perplext the *Throne*,
But ſilly aiming to make All their own.
The Prudent Queen their Ill Deſigns foreſaw,
And ſpoil'd their Projects by a well-tim'd Law,
Baniſh'd their Mungril Teachers, and ſuppreſt
Each Meeting, as a Vile Rebellious Neſt.
This ſudden ſtop to the Preciſians riſe,
Confirm'd her Courage, and Proclaim'd her Wiſe;

Advanc'd the Glory of Her proſp'rous Reign,
And made Her Reverenc'd by the Wiſeſt Men;
Rais'd Her ſecurely to a matchleſs height,
Whilſt *Faction* Grinn'd, but had no Teeth to Bite.
Some ſimple Saints with Zeal but gently warm'd,
Rather than leave their Native Soil, Conform'd;
Whilſt others, much more Stubborn, bid adieu,
And into *Croakland* and *Geneva* flew;
There with a hideous Voice as loud as *Fame*,
Roar'd *Perſecution* whereſoe'er they came,
Maintain'd their *Schiſms*, *Rebellious Schools* ordain'd,
T' improve their Hatred to their Native Land.
Thus were they ſcatter'd, and the Kingdom free'd,
By one good Statute, from a *Factious* Breed.
O Happy Queen, thou Glory of a Crown,
Tho' ſome believe thee Dead, and think thee gone,
'Tis hop'd we ſtill have got thee on the *Engliſh* Throne.
In *Barns* and *Stables* firſt the Noddies met,
Where each, that would be Welcome, brought a Seat.
The lowly *Pulpit* needed not a Stair,
In empty Tubs they Sold their Pious Ware,
Or o'er the back of ſome Old Wooden Chair.
Whilſt round their Teacher all the Liſtening Fools,
Sat Gaping on their Forms and Three-Leg'd Stools,
As if their Poyſonous Cant, and tedious Pray'rs,
Enter'd their Yawning Mouths inſtead of *Ears*.
Thus in our Iſle the *Whigs* again reviv'd,
Who in the former Reign were ſo ſhort-liv'd.
Geneva timely now pour'd in apace,
Her *Sons of Malice*, call'd the *Sons of Grace:*
That th' old Rebellious Doctrines might be taught,
Which had in *England* been ſo long forgot.
Theſe, by their Preaching, made the Fooliſh Mad,
And Priſon'd all that Tender Conſcience had:
Who did the New-Born Factious Whim advance,
Becauſe it ſuited with their Ignorance.
Encourag'd thus by the Deceitful Cant
Of each *Falſe Teacher*, Worſhip'd as a *Saint*,

The *Non-Con Zealots* Multiply'd apace;
For *Knaves* and *Fools* are Mighty Fond of Grace;
And would be thought by others to obtain,
Much more at Heavens Hands than Honeſt Men.
Thus falſe Devotion, exercis'd with Art,
Diſguiſes oft the *Whore* and *Villains* Heart;
Does the Lewd *Harlot* like an *Angel Paint*,
And makes the Sacred *Rogue* appear a *Saint*.
True *Hypocrites* affect to be Demure,
And the moſt *Wicked* ſeem to be moſt *Pure*.
'Tis for this Cauſe the Zealous and Preciſe,
Do with ſuch ſpeed to Mighty Numbers riſe:
Fools always love to Novelties *E*mbrace,
And *Knaves* for *Int'reſt*, add to their encreaſe,
What way ſoe'er the former run aſtray,
The latter ſtill purſue them as a Prey.
Grew *Pious* and *Rebellious* at a Time,
That ſtrict Devotion might obſcure each Crime.
Which in their New Profected Hum Drum way,
They *E*xercis'd at leaſt Four times a Day;
Chriſt's Matchleſs Pray'r they ſlighted and diſdain'd;
And in their *Barns* the Apoſtles Names Prophan'd,
Deſpis'd Good Preaching, as they did good Laws,
And valu'd more their own dull Hums and Haus.
Such wholeſome, Home-ſpun Rites their Zeal admir'd,
Where change of Poſture ſhould not be requir'd;
Their Worſhip did their Formal Humours fit,
They now know when to Stand, and when to Sit:
And were, by their new Diſcipline at once,
Freed from the trouble of a hard Reſponſe;
To which they ne'er could Cordially agree,
But Damn'd ſuch decent Rites as Popery,
Becauſe they could not Read, nor had they Memory.
So grumbling Cynicks in their Hovels Preach,
Againſt the Uſeful thing they cannot reach:
And Ill-Bred Women Rail at, and Deſpiſe,
The Modeſt Garb to which they cannot riſe.
These were the Saints that were again enclin'd
To be ſo Pure, they would be twice Refin'd:

Tho'

Tho' ſome poor Souls no other Meaning had,
Than to oblige their *Conſciences*, tho' bad;
For they no other ſparks of *Grace* could find,
Than the meer Dictates of a Fooliſh Mind,
Believing each new *Whim*, ſome ſudden *Light*,
Struck up by Heaven to guide their Souls aright.
These, in ſome meaſure, ought to be excus'd,
And well Admoniſh'd not ſeverely Us'd;
But he that leads ſuch Ignorance aſide,
A *Gallows* is too good for ſuch a Guide.
Wiſemen to Reaſon readily Concede,
But *Erring Fools* Laborious Teaching need:
They're quickly won who're forward to Conſent,
The *Bow* is eaſily drawn that ſtands half bent;
But 'tis a Task would make a Biſhop Sweat,
To ſee a *Stubborn Crooked Conſcience* ſtreight.
Soon to great Strength their *Factious* Numbers grew
For *Fools* are many, and the *Wiſe* but few:
Their Painful *Teachers*, wandering Up and Down,
Had with their *Maggots* Fly-blown ev'ry Town;
That where Gods *Holy Church* the People Bleſt,
The Devil had a *Chappel* and a *Prieſt*,
Where *Idle Tales* and *Blaſphemies* were Brew'd,
And gloſs'd with Scriptures to Delude the Crowd.
Which tho' *Prophanely* us'd, and *Lamely* brought,
Yet gave a Sanction to the *Lies* they Taught:
From whoſe Vile Practice this Old Proverb ſprings,
That ev'ry Evil in Gods Name begins.
They held the Church in a Degenerate State,
And all Her Members to be Reprobate:
Long *Graces* to ſhort *Commons* they allow'd,
And took much Pains to Sanctifie their Food;
Which Thriv'd ſo Ill with Bodies ſo Divine,
They always look'd like *Pharaohs* Famiſh'd Kine.
But who can wonder at their *Meagre State*,
Since we ſee *Mad-men* very ſeldom Fat.
When the Mind's Sick, the Body feels the Pain,
And cannot Thrive with a Diſtemper'd Brain.

Nick-

Nick-Names upon the Church they now beſtow'd,
To render her more Odious to the Crowd;
As *Maſs-Houſe*, *Steeple-Houſe*, and ſundry more
Malicious *Epethites*, unknown before,
Which ſhe had ne'er deſerv'd, and yet with Patience bore.
The *Common-Pray'r* the *Popiſh Porridge* ſtil'd,
And all the Church Decent *Rites* revil'd.
The *Surplice* was Heatheniſh Ghaſtly waer,
That made Gods Miniſters Sprites appear,
A *Popiſh Rag*, the *Babylonian Smock*,
A *Pagan* Dreſs that ſhould be quite forſook.
Thus did the Antient *Puritans* ne'er fail,
To like their *Modern Whigiſh* Brethren Rail.
Eor ſeeming *Sanctity*, and falſe *Abuſe*,
Were Stratagems they always kept in uſe;
By ſuch baſe means the Kingdoms did Inflame,
And in all Ages have been ſtill the ſame.
Reſtleſs as Froward Children when Diſeas'd,
Will Pleaſe no Pow'r, and with no Pow'r, be Pleas'd:
Hot as the *Sun*, Tempeſtious as the *Seas*
That ſwell, tho' Fan'd but with a gentle Breaz;
Swift to *Revenge*, to *Gratitude* but ſlow,
Will ſtop when driven, when check'd will forward go;
Gloomy when *Angry*, as a Thunder Cloud,
Silent in *Miſchiefs*, in their *Suffering* loud;
Pleas'd, when *Oppreſſive*, *Injur'd*, full of *Spight*,
Bold in the *Wrong*, and Cow'rdly in the *Right*,
Harſh to *Inferiours*, to *Superiours* Stout,
Rigid in *Pow'r*, and Turbulent, when out.
The more the State Imparts, the more they Crave,
Their Minds are ſtill Inſatiate as the *Grave*:
Gain Rules *Conſcience*, *Malice* Guides the *Tongue*
Of ev'ry Member of the *Factious Throng*,
Slack to do others *Right*, and hard to ſuffer *Wrong*
Theſe *Thorny Bryars* having Footing gain'd
Like *Ægypts* Plagues, ſoon ſcatter'd o'er the Land;
Did dayly to a higher Growth attain,
Like *haſty Weeds* among our *wholſome Grain*.

Med-

Med'cines work ſlowly, that are ſafe and good,
But Poyſon ſoon diffuſes thro' the Blood;
Hot *Zeal* and ſlimy *Brains* the *Miſchief* bred,
Wild *Pray'rs* and *Sermons* the *Deſtemper* Fed,
And more each Day the catching *Feaver* ſpread,
Till half the ſickly Iſle Delirious grew,
E'er Heavens Phyſician the Contagion knew;
The Dire Infection quickly reach'd the *Court*,
And *Tainted* many of the Nobler ſort,
Who wanting Merrit to be made more Great,
Were bent, thro, *Envy*, to Diſturb the State.
When *James* the Firſt had finiſh'd Liſes ſhort ſpan,
And *Charles*, the *Merciful*, His Reign began,
The *Sons* of *Miſchief*, ſurfeited with Eaſe,
Began once more t' Invade the Kingdoms Peace.
From their long Sleep Rouz'd their Lithargick Souls,
And from ſmall Numbers, quickly grew to Shoals.
When thus by the Remiſſneſs of the State,
They were grown Formidable, Rich and Great;
The Curſes on a Careleſs Land they brought
The Plagues they ſcatter'd, and the *Ills* they wrought;
Their Uſage to a kind forgiving Throne,
The Vile *Abuſes* to the *Clergy* ſhown.
My Muſe, tho' ſome may think her in the wrong,
With theſe ſad Notes began her Mournful Song,
But let her not deſerve her Readers blame,
For Deeds moſt Wicked, do precedence Claim.

FINIS.

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